


# State Teachers College Magazine



Farmville, Virginia  
May, 1925



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2010 with funding from  
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

Volume 1

Number 1

# State Teachers College Magazine

Published by the Students of  
**STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE**  
At Farmville, Va.



Entered as second-class matter, May 21, 1925 at the postoffice at  
Farmville, Va., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1873

May, 1925

## Contents

	PAGE
POETRY .....	3
MANDY JUDSON CLEMENTINE THREAT WADE.....	4
FATE .....	9
IMAGINE IT? .....	11
YOU .....	18
HANDICAPS .....	19
AFTER SUNSET .....	24
THE BRASS KNOCKER .....	25
THE PURPOSE OF JOB.....	31
? .....	34
GRANDFATHER FROG'S UMBRELLA .....	35
THE DECISION .....	38
A THOUGHT .....	46
PINS .....	47
H. A. ....	49
CHANGING THE KEY .....	53

# State Teachers College Magazine

---

VOL. I

MAY, 1925

No. 1

---

## Poetry

*(Suggested by Joyce Kilmer's "Trees")*

I think that nothing is to me  
More wonderful than Poetry.

Poetry, that eternal truth  
Sung by sage, by awkward youth:

Poetry—the breath of God  
Breathed across our earthly sod;

Poetry—a simple lay  
Of things we feel, but cannot say;

The art which glorifies a tree  
Which otherwise unknown might be.

"Only God can make a tree,"  
But who but God makes Poetry?

M. F., '28.

## Mandy Judson Clementine Threat Wade



MANDY JUDSON CLEMENTINE THREAT WADE—that is her name as she taught it to us in the nursery. We called her then as now, Aunt Clem, and called her pretty often for, according to her accounts, while she rocked us to sleep her own eyelids often closed first, only to be pried open by childish fingers while disturbing voices demanded, “Aunt Clem, are you asleep? Sing ‘Hosses’.”

She affirms that, although she is a “nigger,” she has always lived and associated with “white fokes” and that she has been a part of our family ever since as a slave pickanninny she sat in a high chair and swayed a fly fan over the dining room table. She and my father “was chillun together” and he is now in his seventy-sixth year. Until two years ago she lived on that same plantation Avondale, having served our family in every capacity from that of mammy and cook to the chief entertainer of our guests. Indeed, one attraction to which many of our friends looked forward in visiting us was the unique conversation of Aunt Clem and when she failed to be there they were always sadly disappointed.

Home has never been quite the same to me since she moved too far away to be present at our reunions. The Christmas vacation there is not so full of laughter and cheer as it used to be and I truly feel that our home circle is incomplete. She was very loath to leave the old place but the “chillun” who were “doing well” in Wes’ Virginia kep’ beggin’ her to come to them, and Uncle Jack, her husband, was too feeble to make a crop any more; so she consented to go; facing the situation hopefully, as her habit is, with the determination to make the best of it.

I can't quite forget a bitter pang of jealousy that lingers with me even to this day. She always claimed my older sister as *her* child though she was too generous not to take me, somewhat, into her heart after my black mammy died. Then she would explain, "Dey's both my chillun. I jes' lets Miss Sue keep 'em here 'cause she kin better feed an' clothe an' ejucate 'em then I kin."

In spite of her lengthy name, the bearer is very short of stature, though she really isn't so small around, and the short and familiar Clem seems a more fitting appellation. She always looks like a bag with a string tied in the middle, partly because even in Midsummer she always wears the heaviest kind of woolen clothes. These, she insists, once saved her life when she was attacked by a mad dog and, furthermore, she would die of pneumonia or the "lacabugasis" if she discarded any of them. Now her children attire her outwardly in silk and all sorts of finery (she always had a weakness for silk) but underneath are her heavy woolen garments, as of old, and underneath too, is the same true heart of gold, that Mandy Judson had before she went "out chonder wid them big niggers."

One of these proper friends once asked her to come on a certain night to have tea with her. To the invitation she contemptuously replied, "I don' drink tea but if you'll gimme some coffe I'll come!"

How she does glory in strong coffee and in smoking cigars! When cigars aren't available she smokes her pipe and I can remember how once as a child, when I had a severe case of earache, she blew smoke into it to relieve the pain. We were ten miles from a doctor in those days and she often supplied homely remedies for our ills.

She had had sufficient experience with children to understand their ailments for she had brought up thirteen of her own, had raised four grand children and has since assumed

the responsibility for several of the fourth generation. In her attempts to name them all after her "white fokes" she almost exhausted the names of all the family connections. A veritable Mrs. Wiggs! I don't know whether or not she kept adding water to the soup but there was always room in her cabin and in her heart for one more child, and, strange to say, the food and clothes always went around.

Perhaps it was her universal love for children that always made us feel it a great privilege to be allowed to go to Aunt Clem's house. She always gave us something to eat and if any of her flowers were in bloom—she loved flowers—we went home laden with bouquets. It seems to me that her spirit must always hover about that cabin in the purple lilacs and the old fashioned roses that still bloom about the doorway.

Once when some relatives were visiting in my home she invited us all to her house to supper. The table was set under a big oak tree in the front yard and was laden with all the good things she could possibly get together. There were great dishes of brown fried chicken, hot biscuits that came from the oven every few minutes, at least three kinds of preserves, two kinds of cake, and as the climax of the menu ice cream made wholly from pure cream which she must have been saving for a week!

She is generous to a fault, if such a thing be possible. Once when she was reproved for sending canned fruit to a city friend she said, "Umph! I'd 'vide my las' crus' o' br'ad wid Mars Callie!" And she would.

Well do I remember the jars of boiled custard she sent me when I had mumps. To my father she often sent hot ash cakes, while for mother she made sweet potato pudding, and for sister there was delicious cherry pie. She still remembers us with gifts at Christmas time and when my sister was married, she sent her two wedding presents, collect. A few weeks ago she sent my father, by express six tremendous apples in



a heavy wooden box. What if the charges did make them cost ten cents apiece? Their value couldn't be estimated in money.

As for money, she never has any. She always leaves on the kitchen table or the dairy shelf whatever money happens to come into her possession, and that which she does not permanently lose, she promptly gives away.

She is not in the slightest degree anxious about those material things for which most of us are constantly striving. She believes in a literal interpretation of "Why take ye thought for raiment?—Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Her philosophy of life is noteworthy. Once when she had been away from home for several weeks, Uncle Jack met her at the station and with tears streaming down his cheeks, related how, in her absence, the barn had burned and with it had gone her buggy—her cherished buggy that she had been paying for in little installments for months past. When he had finished expounding all the loss she replied, "Hush dat cryin', Jack! De Lawd give and de Lawd took away. You'se still got a roof over yer head an' you'se got Clem. Now I don' wan' no mo' o' dat cryin' around me."

Some one once asked her if she was happy, to which she answered. "Happy? I reson I is! When I kin jes' set in my do' an' see my garden growin' an' call up all my chic'ens round me, ain' nobody no happier 'en Clem."

She is now bending every effort to educate the grandchild, Bertha, who is in her care. Bertha is now attending the high school and is takin music lessons, hoping to become a music teacher. Aunt Clem "hires her out" in the afternoons for she says, "She'll never make nothin' of herself if she walks de streets."

This is the day of the new negro; we need not expect to find Mandy Judson Clementine Threat Wades in the new

order. We of the South are too prone "to cling to an idle age and a musty page." We can best pay tribute to these noble representatives of the past by carefully working out our proper relations with their descendents. Mandy Judson Clementine Threat Wade has made her worthy contribution; her name stands synonymous with strongest friendship, truest loyalty, and most unselfish service that transcend the bounds of race and color. These qualities have been transmitted to her descendents, but they must be directed. To us she throws the torch. Will we break faith with her posterity? It is ours to adjust ourselves to modern conditions; ours to see that justice is afforded the new Negro, that he be given an opportunity to develop those nobler qualities which are an undeniable possession of the race.

S. W., '25.



## Fate

Deep in the recesses of soft earth  
Lay a seed, swollen and brown.  
Life's call was soft. It stirred  
And waited for the sunshine to give it growth.  
It thirsted for a ray of warmth.

. . . . .

But the sunshine reached it not.

High amid lofty boughs,  
Stirred with gentle winds of spring  
Sang a feathered creature.  
In love it called a mate but long ago  
Leaden shot had hushed its idle song.

. . . . .

The answer never came.

Life lay weak on blistered sands.  
Mirages hovered in the heat—  
Vain visions of palms and water cool.  
If yonder cloud would loose its bounds  
One single drop would scatter death.

. . . . .

No showers fell.

A poet dreamed a picture once.  
A picture wrought of beauty from his soul.  
He yearned to paint the fragile child  
Born of his mind. But with his death  
There died his masterpiece.

. . . . .

He had no artist's hand.

A lonely Heart with sadness bent,  
Trudged slow along a heated path  
Thronged with Humans mad with rush.  
The heart sighed and cried, prayed for a smile,  
And searched the faces of the throng.

. . . . .

They all forgot to smile.

O. M. S., '26.



## Imagine It?



THIS is just the story of a modern girl and a modern boy and an oldfashioned garden and a moon. A moon that bewitched the garden and the boy and the girl. Just such a moon as might have shone on the garden when it was first built, and when great great grandmothers flirted and ran cooly into the house just when the critical moment was approaching. This same moon, or one like it, now shone on the modern generation, and they called it petting! Shocking! Imagine it!

There was a houseparty going on, a wonderful affair, the kind you often read in novels, and sometimes hear about, but to which you never seem to get invited. This houseparty was held in a large white house with a large white collie on the front porch, and a wonderfully large lawn with large trees scattered at intervals. On one side of the lawn there were two tennis courts, just marked; on the other side was an old boxwood garden and then terraces, and flower gardens, and benches, and arbors, and finally, at the bottom of the terraces, a lake with several canoes just waiting to be used. When the guests first drove up the long lane, and caught sight of the house, garden, and lake, some of them for the first time, such exclamations were heard as, "Oh, Kitty, look at the lake. Oh, thrills and ripples!" And from the boys, "Gee, Ed, those courts! This is sure some swell joint!" And they were really trying to show their appreciation of the loveliness of the place. Imagine it!

But now let me introduce the heroine, for she clamors for recognition. She was of medium height with brown hair, adorably curly, and brown eyes, wonderfully expressive, and

just enough color, slightly sun-burned. You could see that she was an all-round sport,—a wonderful girl. Indeed, so peculiarly wonderful that I cannot think of a name suitable. Imagine one!

Then, next, of course, there has to be a hero. He was tall,—a great athlete—, but I can't begin to describe him for he was such an unusual boy, in most ways, I'm sorry not to be able to describe the hero, I realize what a grave mistake it is, but you'll just have to—Imagine him!

Now the natural thing to happen would be for the hero and the heroine to meet each other and "fall at first sight," and so they did, in a way. Although I am not a great believer of "love at first sight," I can't deny that between two young people especially on houseparties, there is a certain attraction or magnetism that draws them together. The magnetism is generally on the girl's side though.

They met on the back porch; he had just come in from playing tennis, and she, after just arriving, was being shown around by the hostess. The heroine held out her hand, and the hero forgot that his was dirty; she looked into his eyes, and his heart nearly jumped clean out of his mouth and rolled down the steps; but instead he dropped the water cup and it executed this trying manœuvre, and landed in a broken heap at the bottom of the stairs. Wasn't it a good thing it wasn't his heart?

"How unfortunate!" she said, innocently, but she knew it was her fault that the cup was broken.

"Yes," he answered, lightly, "but such things will happen even on one's most fortunate days."

"Why, have you been lucky? Oh, maybe you've just beat in tennis? I imagine you're awfully good," she declared sweetly.

"Yes, I have been lucky in tennis," he said, "but I was not thinking of that."

"Then what?"

"Oh, I've just met YOU!"

She laughed gayly, as she was dragged away by the ever-vigilant hostess. He smiled, a little conceitedly, perhaps, because he realized that he had gotten a running start with this most adorable girl.

That happened one morning, he saw her at lunch and asked her for a tennis date that afternoon. She agreed, after a little urging so that afternoon he got a book and sat on the porch and waited—and waited.

Eventually she came quickly and quietly out of the house, and since his back was to the door, she had her hands over his eyes before he could even know what 'twas all about; but it didn't take him long to get his release, and when he did,—(Oh! Girl of all Girls—). She was dressed all in white in a most appropriate and becoming tennis costume. And he looked at her and wondered if she could look any prettier. She also looked at him, which was only natural, and she wondered if he was as good as he looked or only a good-looking spoiled kid. He was also dressed most becomingly, in white. He looked like a young god (although a very modern one) as he swung his tennis racket in one hand and juggled two balls in the other for even this "young god" couldn't resist the temptation of "Showing off."

The set was rather one-sided for even though they were both good players, she beat him by a score of six to two. Oh! hero, you ought to be ashamed to let a girl beat you and you as a rule, beat everything that comes your way. Really he didn't mean to let her beat him but how could he keep his eyes on the ball when all his eyes, and mind too, were fixed securely on his worthy opponent. After the set was over they were hot so decided to sit down awhile in the shade of an old oak and talk. This they did, and an accomodating butler brought out some ice tea and cakes and then left. What

could have been more pleasant on a hot summer afternoon? A boy, a girl, a large collie dog, and tea and cakes all sitting peacefully under an oak tree.

Imagine it! !

The boy started off "Gee, you know every time I see you, you seem more attractive."

And she answered, "Oh, do you really think so, I'm so glad, I was thinking the same of you.—But do you mean it?"

"Now, you don't think *I* would hand *you* a line, do you?" he asked in his pet persuasive tone.

"Oh, of course not!" she answered, but she was looking at the collie, and if you had been in the collie's place, you would probably have laughed as you winked back and spoiled things, but the collie only returned a wink for a wink. That's one of the most excellent things about dogs they never laugh when you wink at them.

And so they sat and talked until the sun went down, almost, but all good things must come to an end, and the best thing that can happen is for them to come to a good end, and so the supper bell was not entirely unwelcome.

That night the whole house-party went for a hay ride and had a watermelon feast to cap the climax. The hay was soft, the watermelons ripe, the hay riders were exceedingly jubilant and even the moon was feeling particularly frivolous, so it played hide and seek among little clouds for the first part of the night, but in the end sailed out in the open and watched the party safely home.

Four more days of unlimited pleasures. Swimming and horseback riding in the morning, tennis and boating in the afternoon, and at night, those who couldn't get a canoe just had to be contented with a bench in the garden.

The fourth night was the last so that night there was a big dance, a sort of grand finale, not only the house-party people, but many outsiders, and a sure enough orchestra. The hero-



ine danced and the hero danced, they danced together and some with other people. The heroine was dancing with another boy, the hero broke.

"Sit out the rest of this and the next with me,—Please," he was almost entreating her.

"Oh, allright, but I have the next one,—never mind I'll skip it," she answered.

And so they strolled into the night and toward the garden and drifted unconsciously to a bench in the garden, overlooking the lake. There they saw two moons,—(and the punch had *not* been spiked)—you see one was only a reflection in the lake.

Here was the old-fashioned garden, the lake, the bench and the moon, an ideal stage, and the actors were approaching! Oh! It was thrilling. Imagine it!

Of course, they sat on the bench and talked and, of course, she didn't return for the next dance or the next—. They talked of themselves and each other. He told her she was wonderful and he loved her more than all else. She told him she didn't believe him but she did, a little.

The orchestra started playing "A Kiss in the Dark," and our hero started slowly, but not cautiously enough, to suit his actions to the words of the song.

"Then he told her of her charms

How could she resist.

Suddenly within his arms

She was held and—Smack!"

He jumped up and walked to the other end of the terrace, slowly and deliberately. She had smacked him in the face. He had been disappointed and mortified, he who was in the habit of getting what he wanted. He was at the end of the terrace he turned and looked at her. She was sitting demurely on the bench, her hands folded in her lap, her face averted,

the very picture of penitence. Little could he tell what she was thinking, or had been during his walk up the terrace.

Since I have the authors privilege of peering into our heroine's mind, I'll tell you that her thoughts were running on, something like this:—

"Oh, that dumb boy! Why should boys be so silly? Why should they think that we girls let any old Tom, Dick, or Harry kiss us?" Then she thought of the way she'd smacked him and how surprised and indignant he was, and she realized that 'twas really rather amusing after all, so she smiled up at the moon, and the moon smiled sweetly back. Her thoughts continued,—“But he seemed to be such a nice—boy I hate to ‘bust up’ with him, if he just wasn't so everlasting conceited,—Oh! I know what I'll do!” She then got up and walked slowly and sorrowfully toward the house. Now, our hero couldn't stand to see her leaving him, in this state, so he swallowed his pride with a big gulp and strode after her. He caught her by her shoulders and turned her around. She gazed up at him in the most injured way, as if, in all her life *she'd* never done anything wrong. And then he, for the first time, saw the possibility of his being in the wrong. So he said, “Let's sit down and talk it over.”

Her plan had worked, jubilant, she returned to the bench. Then they talked and she explained how she's never let a boy kiss her and wasn't going to start with a comparative stranger. And they argued a while, but, of course, she won, and when they returned to the house, just in time for the last waltz, he liked her better than ever, and she liked him.

They waltzed lightly over the floor to the tune of “A Kiss in the Dark,” and they both thought of the “would-be kiss” that never landed.

They looked at each other and smiled, and just then the music ended, and the dance ended with a well-timed whirl.

Thus they ended the dance, the houseparty, and the rollick-

ing romance with one long well-executed whirl! They never saw each other again for he lived in Massachusetts and she in Texas. They had met in Virginia. And they had thought they were in love! Imagine It!

M. M. McM., '27.



## You



HOW much are you worth? When this question is put to you, you immediately begin to count your dollars and enumerate your real estate holdings, or you may state your ability to do work or the value of this work. But leaving out work or things gained by work, how much is your body worth? To get an answer to this question you must first find out what your body is made of.

Regardless of who or what you are your body is made up of fifteen elements, namely: oxygen, carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, calcium, phosphorous, potassium, sulphur, sodium, chlorine, iron magnesium, iodine, flourine, and silicon. It has been said that man is "twelve pounds of ash and eight pounds of water." This statement contains truth as well as humour for seventy-five per cent of the body is made up of hydrogen and oxygen of which a large percent is in the form of water. Two-thirds of our body is made up of water which from a monetary basis is valueless as it can be obtained in large quantities for nothing. The remaining elements of your body "will produce about seven bars of soap, enough iron for one eight-penny nail, enough potassium for a toy pistol cap, enough magnesium for one stomach ache, enough sulphur to remove the fleas from one dog, enough lime for a chicken coop, and enough phosphorous to cover the heads of two thousand two hundred matches."

In other words at present prices, if you are of average size, you are worth about ninety-eight cents.

V. L., '25.

## Handicaps



SINCE the first woman accused the first man of spending too many hours at the Mastodon Tamers' Club, Man has been faced with the problem of how to keep his mate in her place—wherever that may be. Volumes might be written on masculine mechanisms for teaching women their station and keeping them there. But it is not the purpose of this tale to philosophize on a problem of such long standing and still unsolved. This is the recital of an attempt to answer the age-old question and of what grew out of an attempted response to that query.

Long ago when dinosaurs and mammoths stalked the earth, woman felt it her duty to be always with her mate. Wherever he went, there went she also. Grand dames followed their tottering lords. Matrons trailed men in their prime. Maidens tracked youths and even little girls kept close on the heels of their boyish playmates. It was indeed a sad state of affairs. Man had no freedom. Gone was the joy of conquest. He thought of the good old days when his forefathers had tenderly knocked the ladies of their choice insensible and ever afterward kept them in their cave dwellings, tending the fire, tidying things up and cooking the food.

Among the men of this time was one of such an optimistic frame of mind that he thought there was an answer to every question. We will call him John, although his tribal name was something unpronounceable which meant "He who sits with wrinkled brow." John's wife was, of all women, the most persistent in doing what she considered to be her wifely duty. For want of her real appellation which meant "She

who clings closer than a burr in a bear's skin," we will call her Mary. Day after day Mary followed John about, even more persistently than the lamb which tagged perpetually after one of her namesakes. She was beside him no matter what his occupation, were it hunting, fishing, swimming, climbing, fighting or conversing with his co-sufferers. Each day John's brow became more furrowed as he cudgeled his primitive brain to find some answer to the problem of how to keep Mary at home.

One day he saw Mary bending over a quiet pool arranging her hair and knowing this to be a lengthy process he slipped away unnoticed. As he was passing through the forest he beheld a drowsy cave lady sleeping before the entrance of her home. Don't inquire why she wasn't inside—perhaps she wanted to prevent her lord and master's leaving without her knowledge. Anyhow, there she slept with a wolf's skin drawn over her. As John looked at her she awoke and started to rise but became entangled in the pelt. John saw in her difficulty the solution to his problem.

Straight into the forest he went and soon had brought down a splendid young wolf. He skinned it and cured the pelt. As soon as it was prepared he set to work with a bone needle and thread of tough leather from an alligator he had slain. The thing that he constructed from the pelt was long and cylindrical in shape. He took the finished article home and approached Mary.

"Here you are," she cried, "coming in from your sport. Why have you been sneaking off and leaving me so much? Haven't I been a good wife to you? Don't I always try to do my duty by you?" and she burst into tears.

"Yes, my dear," groaned John, rolling his eyes heavenward as one does on hearing a thing often repeated, "but you are quite unfair. You do not understand. I have been working on a surprise for you. See here!"

He held up before Mary's mystified eyes the product of his labor. She looked puzzled and unimpressed. John, however was equal to the occasion and he cleared his throat, preparatory to making his much rehearsed explanation.

"You see, my dear," he began. "I have been thinking that your clothing is most inadequate. That leafy garment, which you are wearing at present, while quite becoming, is unable to keep out the chilling breezes. Besides our neighbor's wife has one from the very same tree."

Mary's eyes kindled as she cried hotly, "I always knew that Mrs. Stonehatchet was a copycat—no individuality at all. Go on, John, dear."

And John went on, holding up the pelt, showing off the fineness of the fur and at length persuading Mary to slip it over her head. She stood quite still while the long pelt slid down and clung about her ankles. John solicitously fastened it in the back—using extra tough thongs of hide and tying intricate knots as only men can. Mary preened herself with delight, studying the new garment interestedly.

"Well, I guess I'll go and hunt," said John, his work finished.

"I'll go with you," offered his wife.

This lord of creation only smiled. And well he might smile, for Mary could take steps but six inches long. The strong hide would not give. She could not get it off. John had solved his problem. The first skirt was holding its wearer! The news spread like wildfire. Husbands turned tailors and soon all women, were encased by their lords and masters, in long skirts of the most durable fur. Man was free! Woman was in her place. What joy there was in hunting without a woman's chatter to frighten away the game! What sport it was to fish without having first to attach worms for a squeamish female! Thus thought the men.

Let us turn to the women. How did they take their bond-



age? Around the caves one heard only weeping and raging. Attempts were made to slash the skins but the foresighted men had removed all sharp implements. The men roved about in peace and enjoyed each other's society. The women hobbled about, finding their sole joy in recounting their wrongs. Something must be done. No longer could they pursue their mates. No doubt, some of the maidens would even fail to get husbands.

Mary was among the most bitter but she also had a very agile mind, even in that day prior to such brain exercisers as crossword puzzles. She went down to her own private, little pool. Its face was like a mirror.

"You ought to be able to find some way out," she told the reflected image at which she gazed. By twisting her head she could see the length of pelt falling about her feet. "Not so bad," she mused suddenly, "it really has good lines and makes me look very slender."

She continued to study the reflection for some time. Then she noticed how pretty the color of the fur was, where some crimson berries had stained it. Her eyes sparkled at the birth of an idea. She would not only make the most of her handicap but would use it to advantage. For days she gathered crimson berries and pressed their juice into a stone jar. She hummed about her work but was careful to be morose when John was at home—which was seldom. At last she managed to get one of his knives and in his absence unfastened the garment that had been so obnoxious. All day she worked. So did the neighboring women whom she had taken into her confidence. The skirts were dipped and dipped in crude dyes and they came out beautifully colored. Many varieties of berry and bark had been used and there were thus many hues, yellows, reds, blues and greens in all shades. Further innovations were made such as slashing the sides of the garments, scalloping the hems and sewing on ornaments of bone,



stone or animal teeth. This wholesale dress making went on for an entire day. As the time for the men's return approached, each garment was donned by its wearer. Hair that had been neglected was untangled and decked with flowers. Faces that had been petulant for so long wore radiant smiles. The race of woman was out in the latest style.

Soon the men came trooping home, surprised at finding quiet and order where clamor and chaos had reigned. Hardly had they recovered from the first surprise, when they were confronted by their wives, smilingly arrayed in their new creations. And every one of them looked beautiful! Needless to say, Mary's plan had worked. Woman, though hampered by long skirts, had turned her handicap to an advantage. No longer could she pursue man literally. Why should she with subtler means at hand? In short, the new garment rendered the daughters of Eve so alluring and attractive that men—to use a vulgar phrase, for which your pardon is humbly begged—have been “chasing skirts” ever since.

E. A. R., '26.



### After Sunset

'Tis twilight. From my window in the west,  
I see a star that gleams and sparkles bright.  
Through fading gold, it slowly sinks to rest,  
And leaves the world to change to sombre night.  
Though long the sun has vanished from our sight,  
Small wandering clouds still steal its parting ray  
As if to follow on its distant ways,  
And watch it as it goes to other countries' days.  
G. H., '28.

## The Brass Knocker



AS the panelled door of the old-fashioned New England house was slammed by an angry thrust, the dazzlingly polished knocker sent a hollow and empty sound throughout the rooms. Indeed the little house would now be quite empty for Dora Lee was leaving this morning. She was leaving the only home she had ever known.

Miss Malinda Carrington had taken Dora Lee into her tiny home when she was just a little tot learning to crawl. Wee fingers had clutched at the kind heart, and the strength of those fingers had made of Aunt Malinda, a slave. She lived for Dora Lee. On bitter cold mornings when a lacy net-work of frost was visible on the window-panes, Aunt Malinda tipped softly into the front bed-room and quietly lowered the windows. She allowed herself only one fleeting glance toward the bed where a figure lay resting peacefully. Dora Lee had always been beautiful when she slept, for then the petty wrongs and wants of her day fled from her mind and left her face clear and white. Only one glance did the old lady steal before lighting the fire on the broad hearth. Always quietly she stepped into the hall. This was the beginning of her day, and in it lay her happiness.

Through quiet, uneventful years, Dora Lee had passed, and now she was eighteen and unhappy. The inhabitants of Creightonsville tilted their noses into the air and said "Dora Lee Carrington has had her way so long, that she will soon try to boss this place. Then it will be time for her to get away." These gossipers were far from being right, for Dora Lee was tired of the commonplace and longed to get away.

She craved adventure, good times, crowds, well anything but Creightonsville. "Aunt Malinda was a dear, but so old-fashioned," thought Dora Lee. The truth was that she was tired of everything and thought that she was willing to give anything for a good time.

She always had her way. As a result of a few tears made astonishingly unusual by contrast of two large dimples, this young lady was told that she might go off to school. She ought to have been happy then, but she was not. The whole truth was that she did not know what she most desired. Determination was a leading characteristic in Dora Lee's make-up, and having made up her mind to go to college, she remained unshaken. Not even a tiny voice in her heart, which whispered that Aunt Malinda's heart would be empty, could change her resolution.

The day of departure came with threatening thunder clouds massed in a towering pile almost over the front door. Dora Lee hated rain. She became sulky, and only when Aunt Malinda pressed her soft wilted face against the fresh, young skin, did she even smile. Then the small demons that were fighting for the mastery of her feelings that day were angry because of that smile. They forced her to run down the hall slamming the front door after her. She listened, from force of habit, for the resounding of the knocker, when she was at last outside the door, for this was a favorite childhood pastime. Something almost choked her. Some force said, "Run." She ran. She knew that Aunt Malinda had arranged for the hired boy next door to bring the car back from the station but she cared not for plans. She wanted to see no one. After a few minutes fast running, she stopped shortly before a yellow frame building, which bore the sign, "Creightonsville." She had reached the station. This was the first step of her adventure. Already, Aunt Malinda's steady, maddening care had been thrown aside.

Fifteen minutes later, as she sank into the plush seat of the train, a passing thought of her aunt's disappointment at not seeing her at the station flashed through her mind. Banishing this thought as foolish, she settled down to enjoy her trip; while at home Aunt Malinda rocked to and fro by the fire, trying to keep the tears back. Aloud she said, "The dear child! She hated to leave and she thought I would act foolishly at the station. Blessed lamb, she is just a trifle stubborn, but she will get over that. This old house won't seem the same with Dora Lee gone. Sally and I will keep busy packing boxes to send her for the week ends."

The next morning Dora Lee awakened with a start. Sitting bolt upright in bed, she looked around. Then with a shiver she sank down under the covers for there was no cheery fire crackling on the hearth. She stretched out her hand to feel the radiator. It was icy cold. After slipping into freezing clothes, she wandered about the room placing a book on the table, hanging up a dress, and moving a chair here and there so that she might feel more at home.

The girls in the dining room talked constantly all through the meal. Dora Lee made a pretence of eating and then wandered in the direction of the bulletin board. Here she found that she must register. After much pushing and scuffling, Dora Lee was able to reach the registrar's desk. At this desired goal she was given a hand-full of papers, which she was told to examine thoroughly. Dora Lee was tired and although she would not have admitted it, she longed for a kind word. Old friends were meeting in the broad corridors; proving that they were old friends by the passing of such remarks as "Why haven't you written? You have gained about ten pounds. I thought you were going to diet this summer."

Dora Lee was bewildered. There was such a crowd of people, none of whom seemed to be going in the same direction. Just a mass of figures that moved first one way and then

the other, filled the space. Then, she saw coming towards her, a very tall girl. A girl who walked as if she enjoyed it. Immediately before Dora Lee she stopped. Two deep blue eyes smiled, and with the aid of a curving mouth, made Dora Lee understand that she had found a friend. From that moment until the end of the term Edna Carewe and Dora Lee Carrington were inseparable.

Edna was always happy; even on the days when examinations were scheduled. Dora Lee found that she could never be with her friend for a very long time without discovering that she, too, was smiling. People who smile a great part of the time are sure to attract attention. Dora Lee was beautiful when she smiled. The rather sombre brown eyes were then lighted with golden arrows, the rather large mouth slowly widened until strong white teeth were visible, and then the dimples flashed for an instant, the fleeting smile was soon gone. Anyone who happened to be near, felt a warm glow in the region of his heart. Dora Lee was attractive. Whenever she stopped considering herself her charm was doubled. Thus, through smiles, pleasant words, friends and work, Dora Lee was beginning to be happy.

One day "self" was almost entirely forgotten by Dora Lee. Miss Robertson, the freshman English teacher read to her class, a story of a nurse in France. A bloody story it was but one so full of human love that even a girl who was just beginning to realize that she must live for others, could not miss the greatness of such service. At the end of the story Dora Lee sat in her seat, while the class filed out silently. Miss Robertson gathered up her books. Still Dora Lee sat. Then with a deep gasp she drew her shoulders up, and then let them drop, with a sigh of relief, as if some great burden had been lifted. She felt a hand close over hers. Startled, she looked up, and encountered a pair of hazel eyes staring straight into her own brown eyes. No one knows what passed between these two.

As Miss Robertson walked from the room hand in hand with Dora Lee Carrington, many girls wondered if they might share the secret which so gladdened the teacher and the pupil. Many people soon learned that these two were organizing a club for the girls of the "Staunton Hosiery Mill." Rumors had it that this was to be a very unusual club. There was no name given this organization, but when the monthly paper appeared on the campus there was an account of the work of the club ending with these words:

"This above all, to thine own self be true,  
And it must follow as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Dora Lee was happy, although she had a guilty feeling concerning Creightonsville. She hated to go back for the holidays, for she knew now what the people must think of her. Long letters to Aunt Milanda were her only means of atonement. These letters were received with much joy in Creightonsville. Indeed, letter days were an event in the tiny house. The little old lady knew that her child, as she liked to call her, had changed, for her letters were a true interpretation of the feelings of their author. Dora Lee's weekly letter generally came on Thursday. The sun always seemed to shine brighter on these days. Even the brass knocker seemed to finish its resounding with a light laugh, as if it knew a secret. Aunt Malinda hurried downstairs on this particular Thursday, just as she saw the postman turn in at the gate. When she stepped on the landing which marked the half way of the distance of the stairs her heel caught in the hem of her dress. She clutched wildly at the banister as she plunged head-first down the stairs. One scream escaped the tense purple lips. Then she lay quite still at the base of the steps.

The faithful Sally discovered the huddled figure as she



ran to open the door for the postman. She dispatched a telegram immediately.

As Dora Lee walked up the front walk, she thought of the dazzling knocker on the front door. She recalled vividly the hollow echo throughout the house. She shuddered. Dora Lee was thinking, "My life was like that—empty—hollow. Now that Aunt Malinda needs me I'll prove that a brass knocker may attain a semblance of gold."

She crept carefully up the stairs and passed into the bedroom opposite her own. Aunt Malinda was sleeping. Dora Lee took her seat beside the bed, gently placing one of the withered hands in both of hers. There she sat for a long time. The figure stirred. The upright figure by the bed stirred. There was a moment's silence, then only the words, "My blessed child," were said.

Dora Lee was happy!

Aunt Malinda understood!

M. A. B., '28.





## The Purpose of Job



It is generally agreed that the book of Job takes a foremost place among all the masterpieces of the world's literature—that it stands alone in its grandeur of conception, beauty of treatment, and depth of meaning. Fronde tells us that it “hovers like a meteor over the old Hebrew literature, in it, but not of it, compelling the acknowledgment of itself by its own internal majesty.” Tennyson pronounces it the greatest poem of ancient or modern times, while Carlyle deems it “one of the grandest books ever written with pen.”

Of its author, the date when it was written, or even the scene of its activity, the Land of Uz, we have but vague surmises—all have been swept into the great mass of forgotten things. Yet the book itself remains, because it reveals one of the most heroic of the struggles of a great soul in conflict with the mysteries of Providence. It is a discussion of one of the great problems of human life, and for that reason it stands out as a universal expression of the human spirit. The whole book presents the problem of whether it be possible for man to love God disinterestedly—the age-old yet ever new question of why the good are afflicted. It marks an epoch in the progress of the Hebrew race as the first recorded struggle of a new experience with an established, orthodox belief. And the story of the man Uz, who fought his way through despair and doubt to a freer, nobler faith in the living God, is a bit of wisdom carefully told for a purpose—to explain the misfortunes of the righteous.

The writing of the book marks a period when the religious convictions of men were passing through a vast crisis. The

rest of the world was pagan in worship, the religions of the East dealing largely in mysticism, while those of the West, of Greece and Rome had many gods of various natures and whimsies, as well as unsatisfying philosophies. But the Jews, in the meantime, had been advancing along the line of their moral consciousness, the whole core of their religion having come to be a powerful moral idea of right and wrong, good and evil. With them, God stood in the relation of Supreme Ruler and Judge, and the laws by which He ruled were the unalterable revelations of the will of an unalterable Being.

Yet this religion, superior as it was to the others of its day, left unsatisfied many hearts. The old traditions of Israel taught that it was sin which brought suffering upon humanity. The prophets had developed the doctrine of a righteous God who rewarded virtue and punished sin, and by His own will, dealt out temporal prosperity or wretchedness to His subjects, according to their behavior. The ancient simplicity of the religion had become lost, stifled in ritual until it could no longer change with man's changing life, nor with his growing intelligence and spiritual needs.

So the author of Job wrote his book—seeking for the central falsehood of his people's creed. And as, in the book, Job's friends were not speaking for themselves, but as representatives of a prevailing opinion, so was the author but a voice of the times. The creed in which he had believed had been tried and found wanting, as is always the way when experience comes into contact with inadequate formula. The book brings time-honored theory to the test in the laboratory of life for the author has found that the facts of the everyday world do not harmonize with the dogmatic theories of the day. Here, indeed, was a new conception.

First of all then, the purpose of the book is to criticise and disapprove a narrow, dogmatic interpretation of God's deal-

ing with men. And when it has finished breaking down this narrow spiritual conception, it sets about the building up of a faith more noble, and we realize that the central idea of this magnificent book is not the testing of the patience of Job, as we have been vaguely told, but of his gradual ascent to a faith which gave a fuller vision of God—a God who, though his ways are past finding out, will reveal Himself to those who seek, and will satisfy and leave the soul at rest.

It is not Job's piety that is in question, but God's justice. Job was perfect, righteous. God himself brought to the bar of justice is Jehova, not Job, as the latter sets about solving the problem of how to reconcile faith in God with the inequalities of His Providence. The author of Job saw that virtue had nothing to do with prosperity or happiness, that it is not in the possession of enjoyment or happiness that the difference is between good or bad, but to serve God and to love Him is higher and better than happiness. If man's virtue was based only on the reward he was to receive, if his avoidance of evil was based only on his fear of punishment, then man was spiritually poor, and moreover, God himself was one who was willing to be served for hire.

This, the writer saw, must be false, and he set his hero, Job, to find and prove the truth: that the well-being of our souls depends only on what we are, that we must learn to serve without being paid for it. And in giving the law of Eternal Love precedence over that of reward and punishment, he sets us a standard of serving God for naught save the blessedness of serving Him.

Thus we see that the book of Job preaches, not "enlightened prudence," but man's duty to serve gladly; and teaches that though God may give or withhold reward, man's duty and integrity must stand fast; that to serve God and to love Him, not to measure or to judge Him, is the whole duty of man. And when we too have caught the vision of this All-Wise

Providence, this God whom we may trust to rule our lives wisely, lovingly and well, we too may rejoice in the comfort of a faith like Job's.

A. B. C., '25.



Ugly, yet beautiful!  
They detract, they add,  
They hinder, they help.  
Through them the world grows brighter  
To some, to others a pitiful sight.  
What torture without them;  
With them what suffering and pain.  
I hate them; I love them.  
My eyeglasses.

H. M. C., '28.

## Grandfather Frog's Umbrella



THE warm, July afternoon sun blazed in all its glory in the clear, blue, Georgia sky, sending its scorching rays down upon the row of darky huts at the back of Captain Warren's plantation. Uncle Joe sat on a soap box alternately dozing and idly whittling tiny watch charms from peach seeds.

A soft voice broke the afternoon stillness.

"Tell me a tory, Un' Doe, tell tory," and the two tiny fists of curly-haired, five-year-old Thomas Warren, Jr., beat upon the knee of the white-haired darkey.

"Lawdy, massa Tom, how yo' done skeered dis heah niggah! Why ain't yo' sleepin' nohow, yo' li'l rascal?" Nevertheless, he folded the little tot into his arms.

"Don't wanna sleep. I'se a big boy now. Big boys don't sleep in the daytime," emphatically. "Tell tory," he persisted.

The two settled themselves comfortably, and the drowsy stillness of the afternoon was left unbroken, save by the twitting of birds and the droning voice of the sleepy negro.

"Member dat story 'bout dat 'possum, honey, how he done play like he was dead and 'scaped yo' paw when he hunt him? Well, I was talkin' to dat 'possum yestiddy, and he tell me all 'bout dat big frog what lived in de lily pond in de front lawn.

"Way down in de cool watah in dat pond lived Mr. Frog and Mrs. Frog and ole Gran'father Frog. Now, Gran'father Frog was gettin' ole so all he done was set on a lily pad an' catch flies on de warm, sunny days, but on rainy days he jes' stayed way down in de bottom of dat pond, 'cause don't no frog like to get wet—no sah, he don't!

"One day Gran'father Frog was settin' in de sun, an' he said to hisself:

"Umph, Umph! Guess I'll hop over to see my nephew de tree-toad, an' I'll jes' show des heah folks I ain't as old as dey makes out.' Dat's what dat frog said, an' honey, he don't do a thing but jump right out dat pond an' hit de trail for Mr. Tree-toad's house.

"But Gran'father Frog was gittin' ole an' he hopped so slow it took him a long time to go so far. Bye 'n bye, when he want but 'bout half way dere, de clouds begun to gather in de sky, an' it looked powerful like it was gwine to rain.

"Bout dat time yo' paw come out de house wid his li'l umbrel in his hand, an' stahted out to Sunday-School all dressed in his best white suit.

"Honey, what yo' think dat frog done thought when he seen Massa Tom? I jes' has to laugh when I thinks of it! Yo' paw was a mighty bad boy sometimes, honey, yas suh! An' when dat frog seen him wid his umbrel he set real still 'cause he was skeered Massa was gwine to poke him in de ribs wid dat stick jes' to see him jump.

"When yo' paw had his haid turned Gran'father Frog hopped up on one of dem toad-stools down near dat sugah cane, an' watched him hard.

"First thing he knowed splash, splatter come de big rain-drops right down on Gran'father Frog's nose. De po' frog was skeered to move out de rain 'cause den yo' paw might have poked him wid de stick in his hand and I done tole yo' how dat frog hated to git wet! His po' frog heart jes' went pit-a-pat. But lawdy, he ain't had no need to be 'fraid; Massa want even thinkin' 'bout frogs.

"He looked at Massa an' seed he'd done throwed away de stick and was paddlin' along in de rain wid a big, block lily-pad over his haid. Yas suh!

"Well, dat frog stahted thinkin', an' bye 'n bye he grinned

an' grinned. What yo' reckon dat frog was grinnin' 'bout? No soonah was Massa Tom on his way a piece dan dat frog hopped down, an' pulled an' pulled at de toad-stool he was settin' on. Baby chile, dat frog used his sense when he put dat toad-stool over his haid, and went hoppity-hop home as fast as his rickety ole laigs would take him. An' yo' ain't ever seed dat frog leave dat pond to dis day, has yo' honey?"

The old darkey looked at the sleeping child in his arms. The fair head moved ever so slightly and the eyelids fluttered, but Uncle Joe crooned softly:

"Mr. Frog jumped out of his pond one day,  
And found himself in the rain;  
Said he, "I'll get wet if I stay out here,"  
So he jumped back in again.  
Mr. Frog jumped hmm mm mmmmmm . . ."

Both were fast asleep.

V. H. O'C., '27.



## The Decision



It seemed to Nettie that her present sojourn on the mainland was like the road before her now stretching through broad fields, now winding in woods of spring fragrance, always admitting of abundant freedom. And, in her thoughts, mature for a girl of sixteen, Nettie reverted to the only paths she had previously known—narrow lanes between fishermen's and crabbers' poor cottages whence issued stunted children whom she, herself so unlearned, had tried to teach in an old building formerly used as a storehouse for crabs. Unchanging was the horizon of blue water and fishing craft, gradually drawing to the island shores.

Yet more steadfast than these was Captain "Bill Ryall" Parks, he who was family and companion to her, all in one kindly old fisherman. He had taught her much, even the way to manipulate his skipjack in a "nor'easter." Nettie had been grateful and devoted, but not always contented; alluring things seemed to await her coming beyond the water. This strawberry season she had persuaded her foster father to let her join a band of pickers bound for the mainland. He had taken her there in his little boat, and later had suggested that she enjoy another week beyond the usual two. That was why she was hastening to the wharf to bid him good-bye. His wrinkled, weatherbeaten face looked puzzled when Nettie gently asked him if he could ever think of moving from the island.

"Goo' Lo-ord o'mighty, who'd fotch milk and greens to the chilluns?"

Nettie didn't know, so instead of answering she kissed the



captain's rough cheek, and sent a loving message to the children who were watching for his skipjack. It bounded lightly beyond the girl's vision, but she continued to see an old fisherman's face turned towards the sunset and the island.

Nor was this image lost to Nettie during the week when she glimpsed more fully a life she had dreamed of: Movies, views of a dance-hall, a minstrel show, to all of which the ex-land Cinderella rode in—wonder of wonders!—an automobile. In a farmhouse she touched the keys of a piano; she looked through books that were wealth to her. How could she bear to give up such chances for growth and enjoyments? Yet above these cravings of her youth rose Captain "Bill Ryall's" face and children waiting on a shore.

Nettie never knew what her final decision would have been. The night before, Captain "Bill Ryall," sleeping in his boat tied to the wharf, had sailed out on his "last voyage."

At sunset Nettie sat in the stern of her father's skipjack while his covered body rested in the bow. She felt that Captain "Bill Ryall's" hand was again directing her how to sail—to the island, with children calling from its shore.

A. R., '28.



## The Stolen Mine



As the tops of the mountains were purpling in the last rays of the setting sun, a little procession slowly wound its way down the trail on Bald Mountain. In the lead was a short man clad in miners garb, his cap pulled low over his forehead, while as he walked he appeared to peep furtively from beneath its brim, as if suspicious of the world, even in this remote place. Following him came a pack-mule, slipping and sliding, but always surefooted, and swinging around boulders with a dexterity that would have seemed marvelous to one unaccustomed to the mountain life. A lanky, sleepy looking individual brought up the rear.

At a turn in the trail, the leader suddenly halted, and called sharply, "Slim!" The sleepy-looking individual slouched forward. "Whar do you reckon that youngster blowed in from," asked Jake, pointing to a boulder upon which was seated a boy apparently about fourteen years of age.

"Dunno," replied Slim. "S'pose you ask him. Don't guess he'll hurt us, no way."

"Hurt nothin'," snorted Jake in disgust. "He ain't likely to hurt nothin' but some grub, judgin' by his looks. 'Pears nigh starved to my eye. Guess we'd jest as well find out his business in these parts," and turning, Jake approached the boy who had been regarding them silently, and whose clothing bore evidence of desert travel.

"What's your name, youngster, an' whar's your folks?" asked Jake.

"Perry Kane," replied the boy. "My people were all

killed by Indians as we were crossing the desert. They thought I was dead too, but I was only grazed by an arrow. After they left I crawled over to the wagon, and found the others dead, the horses gone, and no food nor water. I knew I must reach some settlement or die, so I set out toward the mountains. I have been travelling four days with no food, and only an occasional drink from a waterhole beside the trail," and he shivered with the memory of the horrors he had undergone.

"Whar was your folks from, an' whar was they headin'?" quiered Jake, eyeing the boy in his accustomed furtive manner.

"We came from Kentucky, and we were trying to get to California," replied Perry. "Father thought he could get rich if he could get some of the gold we heard was there."

"Wal, I guess you'd as well go with us," rejoined Jake, after a hasty whispered colloquy with Slim. "Our camp's down the gulch a piece."

"I hope it isn't far," replied Perry, glancing down at his swollen and blistered feet. "I don't feel as if I could walk very far."

"Bout a quarter mile," said Jake. "You c'n fall in behind Slim, here," and he swung into the trail and the procession resumed its way.

Slowly and painfully Perry pulled on his tattered boots, and hobbled along after Slim. A short way down the gulch the trail entered another gulch, branching off from the one up which Perry had come, and they soon reached the camp, for which Perry was thankful. He ate ravenously of the bacon and flap-jacks prepared by Slim, after which he curled up in his bunk and was soon fast asleep.

The odor of coffee and bacon was in the air when Perry awoke. He did full justice to the meal, after which the miners prepared for their journey to the mine. Jake pro-

posed that Perry should remain at the camp on account of his feet, so he spent the day under a huge cotton-wood by the spring, and was heartily glad when the miners returned.

The next day Perry accompanied the men to their mine, where they taught him to assist in sluicing the gravel. They provided him with a pair of boots, much too large, promising to bring him a new pair on their next trip to Red Butte.

Day after day he worked, and though the men were not unkind to him, he felt that they did not trust him. They spoke very little before him, and always in a guarded manner which finally convinced Perry that they had some secret which they did not wish him to know.

One warm night as he lay in his bunk, he heard the sound of voices under the cotton-wood by the spring, and fancied he heard his own name called. Slipping noiselessly from his bunk, he dropped lightly from the rear window and stole cautiously to the corner of the cabin nearest the spring. Here he crouched in the shadows and strained his ears to catch the words of the speakers.

"We'll have a pretty good lot to take out this trip," Jake was saying. "We orter be rich men in a few years if our luck keeps up."

"Yes," drawled Slim, "if our luck keeps up."

"What do you mean?" asked Jake, sharply. "Ain't thar 'nuff ore in that mine to put us on Easy Street?"

"Plenty," said Slim. "But s'pose the owner was to turn up, or sometin' happen before we git ernuff to make us rich."

"Always croakin'," replied Jake. "I guess if the owner ain't dead he'd 'a been lookin' after his prop'ty before this, an' we got ev'rything safe, any how."

"How 'bout the Kid?" asked Slim. "Reckon he s'pects anything?"

"Don't you worry 'bout the kid," replied Jake. "He ain't got no cause to think but what we own the mine, an' he don't

know this country, even if he could walk the twenty-five miles to Red Butte."

"Guess you're right," rejoined Slim. "Le's turn in, an' git an early start."

Perry hastily retraced his steps, slipped through the window, and was apparently asleep when the miners entered, and shortly all was still in the cabin.

At dawn they were astir, and while Slim prepared breakfast, Jake harnessed the mules to the wagon. "Guess won't nothin' hurt you while we're gone," he said to Perry, after giving him instructions what to do during their absence. "We'll be gone three days—one to go, one to see folks an' buy our grub, an' one to come back. Come Slim," and the men swung into the wagon and rattled off up the gulch.

Perry had made his plans during the night, and as soon as the men were out of sight he wrapped up the food left for him, and slinging his package and canteen of water over his shoulder, he set out on foot. The trail was difficult to follow, in places, but he persevered and when night fell he was fifteen miles from camp. A little after two next day he came to the outskirts of Red Butte.

Fearing to encounter the miners, he approached a woman standing in the door of a cabin, and asked where the sheriff might be found. The woman eyed him with curiosity and replied, "I guess he's 'sleep now. He was out after rustlers all night, an' just come in a spell back. That's his house—that yaller one," pointin with a lean forefinger down the straggling row of cabins.

Perry thanked her politely and hurried in the direction indicated. His knock was answered by a comely woman who asked, "What do you want, little man?"

"I want to see the sheriff," replied Perry, lifting his cap.

"He is asleep just now," said the woman pleasantly. "If

your business is very urgent I will wake him, but if not suppose you sit here and rest until he wakes."

"I can wait," replied Perry, and the woman returned to her work, while Perry took a seat close by the window and amused himself by watching the few passers-by. This western town fascinated him, so entirely different was it from Kentucky.

At length the creaking of a door roused him, and turning he saw standing in the doorway a tall man with grizzled hair and keen blue eyes. "What can I do for you, sonny?" asked Bill Grant with a friendly smile. Perry related the happenings at the mine, and Bill's face grew grave. "I must arrange for a posse at once," he said. "You shall spend the night with me and we will be on the trail long before dawn. The posse shall follow us tomorrow night. We shall reach camp early in the day, and arrange things so the miners will not suspect that you have been away."

Leaving Perry with his wife, Bill hurried away, and that night he reported all in readiness. Before the stars paled they were on the trail, and reached camp before noon, having hidden the horses in another gulch.

Perry took Bill to the mine, and they completed the work left for Perry a little before sunset. Bill camped near the mine, while Perry returned to camp. Soon the miners returned, apparently well pleased with their trip, and entirely unsuspecting of anything unusual having happened.

They went to the mine next morning as usual, Perry wearing his new boots, and were busy sluicing when Bill and his posse appeared on the scene. There was no chance for escape and soon the party was on the trail to Red Butte. Bill grim and silent, Jake sullen, and Slim scared. Perry clung close to Bill, who he felt would protect him.

The miners were lodged in jail, and Bill took Perry to his home, promising to try to find some trace of his relatives in

Kentucky. In the meantime he wrote East to find the owner of the mine, whose name on the records was Mary Holt. After many weeks he received a letter from Mary Holt, who stated that the claim must have been filed in her name by an uncle who died in the Rockies several years before. She had known nothing of it until she received Bill's letter, and would come West as soon as possible to claim her property.

Two months later she arrived at Red Butte, bringing papers to establish her identity. Through Bill's influence she found a purchaser for her mine, which made her a rich woman.

She was fond of talking with Perry, and discovered that his father was her cousin, though she had never known him. Acting on Bill's advice she decided to adopt Perry, and a few days later left for Kentucky, accompanied by a very happy boy.

E. G. R., '27.



## A Thought

I have a thought—a vague ideal,  
I hardly know that 'tis a thought,—  
    'Tis so unreal.  
It comes to me in a flash,  
At sight of some small violet or blade of grass  
    That I have passed.

I know not what it is, or whence it goes  
This thought of mine; for swiftly 'tis our tide of mind  
    Ebbs and flows.  
My thought drifts on,  
Just as a small white cloud in the sky  
    Goes sailing by.

I think, I dream, then work, and strive,  
All because of an ideal suggested by some thing of nature  
    Newly alive;  
I gain real strength by seeing God's small creatures strive to  
    live;  
For they do their best in life, only to better die,  
    They and I.

M. M. McM., '27.



## Pins



AFTER all is said and done, what object could be less discussed and yet more important than pins. No, I do not mean beauty pins, fraternity pins or safety pins but the plain little straight pin, the most noteworthy of them all.

I am not a pin advertiser nor am I in any way connected with their making, but have simply and unassumedly joined their worthy rank because of a faint ray of hope that in so doing I may bring them to their justly important position of honor in the world.

Never has steel been fashioned into a more insignificant and yet absolutely essential article, for without the wee pin what would become of us? Yes, it is really a serious proposition as that, and yet, are we giving the pin a fair and square deal?

Often have I become enraged at the thought of the selling of pins at the notion counter. Our need for pins is never a notion, but often one of Life's deepest tragedies. What a humiliating predicament for the manly little fellows who stand row after row in their brightly colored papers. Hundreds and hundreds of brave little soldiers waiting to serve their owner in dingy little pigeon holes of an insignificant notion counter. Perhaps they are placed there because of their price. But price does not always mean value, for if it did the little ten cent papers of pins would gayly skip to the prominent glass case at the very door of the department store and there usurp the throne occupied by an expensive, imported, evening gown. Far better live without such apparel than these small necessities of Life.

Not only are they humiliated in their resting place, but after their purchase they are often hurt beyond endurance by their mistress. Not by words, perhaps, but physically hurt when dropped bodily to the floor or thrown disgustedly to some sharp corner of the dresser in the wee hours of the morning. She may think a pin can not be hurt but there is a heart even in a shapely piece of steel and the pins refuse to serve such a mistress, for in the morning her search for her helpers is all in vain. They have rolled joyously from her dresser, and joining their wounded cousins of the night before, have all sunk happily to sleep and rest in the cool spacious cracks in the floor.

How many have heard, "my kingdom for a pin!" Could another article sold at a notion counter receive such a price? Kingdoms are not given up every day, but the sturdy, little pin has only to put in an appearance to claim his.

And so, the smallest things after all may sometimes be the greatest.

F. R. B., '28.



## b. a.



THOUGH not an individual prone to fall victim to the purchase of pie-checks, or a member of Homo sapiens endowed with that unusual faculty of snoring, I, nevertheless, classify myself as a very ordinary Freshman who entered a very extraordinary dining room one rainy morning in the twentieth century. With no regard to my footing, I gazed into the vast expanse of an unknown universe whose governing powers had lost all of their proper function. Drifting in with the crowd, I chanced upon the back of a chair and was instinctively led to hold on to it for dear life. It was not until grace had been said however, and I had raised my bowed head, that I found the chair occupied and then the demands of higher society compelled me to accept an empty one some few yards distant to which I was divinely led. In this I managed to sit down, an act which I accomplished fairly well for a person not gifted with the art of good marksmanship. During the next moment, I had spread my spotless napkin in my lap and had succeeded in focusing my eyes on those select individuals who sat before me in a crescent of which I was the center and fullness thereof.

Surely I had no thought of being homesick, but the impedimenta in my throat grew deeper and larger until, exasperated, I reached for a glass of water which had passed my plate nine times in succession and was now on its tenth revolution. I quenched my thirst, which may have been something else in disguise (one accepts the possibility of such a thing especially when a believer in dual personality). Frankly, I did not notice whether the water was hot or cold, though, accord-

ing to my recollections, someone remarked afterwards that it was hot, but I did notice a peculiar diagram molded in the bottom of the glass formed by the letters, H and A. Being an ardent patron and admirer of that compendious and rapid method of writing, shorthand, I fell heir to the sound aggravated by the letters and was immediately confronted with the insignificant little word "hey."

Like a shock it seized my being and I found therein a warm greeting from my chosen Alma Mater. Here was a hearty handshake and a cordial welcome, all in a glassy little diagram. Instantly the ice broke and I fell into a sweet pond of momentary happiness with an additional love for my surrounding, both immediate and remote. As for my breakfast, in answer to how much there was, or rather more correctly, to how much I ate, the little letters can tell you better than I—Hardly Any.

Five hours thereafter I wandered back to a similar locality in this same universe, having been reminded of my necessary presence by a very extraordinary bell. After recovering from the preliminary rites, I found myself before a stack of a dozen plates or more at the same time laboring with a silent confession that I had never used but one at home. This, however, was an unnecessary detail. The main point lodged in the fact that I was extremely happy and had been the whole morning. The mail call following breakfast had brought me a letter from home and besides a check contained therein, there was the firm reminder that it would not be long until Christmas at which time I would be allowed to return home. No power could wrest that from my mind and I had found a happy recreation in counting the days until then a job instinctively followed up by an orderly arrangement of those elements of my wardrobe which lay in the bottom of my trunk. The process had been repeated several times during the morning hours. The resulting happiness together with

thoughts of good investments for my check led me down the paths of an earthly paradise. I was still walking down a fairy path but was human and conscious enough to grab one of the passing glasses of water and to proceed to partake of its satisfying contents. Into its depths I gazed and saw—a familiar sight. My little diagram was still there. It greeted me warmly and I wondered what its message would be. Finally I made it out: it was something great this time. The H stood for Happiness and the A for Always. Ah! little glass, how true that seemed and I concluded that I'd walk down my fairy path forever.

And so I walked, but alas, it suddenly became indistinct in the jungle of the beyond and I had no trouble in distinguishing a neat pile of white plates. Then, and not until then did I awake to the realization that the procedure of my table depended on my moving, and moving quickly. Not until now did I feel that I was, of necessity, a governing force and my manipulations were of such dexterity that one would have thought a veritable solar system had fallen into our midst. And so I thought, until unexpectedly I landed a piece of meat in my lap. The effect produced, came spontaneously. I developed an intense hatred for the meat, for myself, and the onlooking asteroids. Knowing the prophet-glass to be all that would sooth my burning countenance, I drank once more and my eyes met the inevitable letters momentarily forgotten. There was the echo, distinct and mocking—Hatred Always.

That was enough, I knew there was nothing in the affair and was convinced that I was becoming an absurd and superstitious being. But the word stuck and the remainder of the course was spent in calming my aroused passion, for such I must call it, and I immediately contracted a hatred for William Collins and his inseparable ode. Even later, in escaping from the dining room, a succession of noble attempts failed to drive the aggravating letters from my mind. The sub-con-

scious element held them intact. All I could do was to follow my way back to my room and search feverishly down the labyrinthine ways of my mind for anything under the heavens that H. A. could stand for.

The afternoon passed and evening brought forth the hour when I again walked into the dining room, this time possessed of the rare truth that ten plates could not satisfy that strange something within me that demanded food and nothing else. The day had succeeded in bestowing upon me an intense desire to eat and I could have devoured schedule blanks, lesson assignments, text books, vinegar bottle, china plates, yea, even anything, only it must be secured immediately. Grim and terrible the fact burdened my mind until my thoughts were rendered unconscious. After moments, like hours, they awoke under the shadow of a well filled plate, none the less modest for my existing condition, and an accompanying glass of water which received its customary recognition. And so I saw again the two important letters. Between swallows I caught the message "Hungry Always." It was appalling, overwhelming, but for once, for all, they told the truth.

O. M. S., '26.



## Changing the Key



IN the March issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, there is to be found an essay entitled *In the Key of W*. In the course of the essay, the author brings out the great misfortunes of having his name begin with *W*; he is told to sit on the back row in class where he can neither hear nor see; one whose name begins with *W* never is elected to an office—merely because the *A*'s and *B*'s head the list; sometimes, the teacher doesn't even get to the *W*'s. On this particular occasion, that is exactly what happened—*Mr.*—didn't get to *W*.

It had been a pet hobby of mine to count up the names on the roll (which were in alphabetical order) and the approximate number of pupils questioned each day. By this process, I learned that the *B*'s were questioned every other day. Why study, then, for the lesson that came in between times? I tried to persuade myself that I really should—but then, there were other lessons to be studied, letters to write, notebooks to be handed in, and a myriad of other things to be done; No, there wasn't any use in it. I had definitely made up my mind to give myself a holiday once a week. This worked finely. *Mr.* — never varied the order of the roll and I continued to enjoy my vacations.

There I was—on the front row of the class and there I sat—laughing mockingly at the *E*'s, *F*'s, and *G*'s being questioned. What a delightful holiday I had had the night before!—and what fun I was enjoying. A cynical smile still played and lingered on my face. *Mr.*—had reached the *M*'s by this time. “Miss Nolan” was to be questioned next. How I laughed in my mind and heart!—how carefree I was!—for what did I have to worry me?



*Miss Land!*—*Miss Land* echoed Mr.—'s voice! What had happened? Perhaps the roll was a bit mixed—but I was sure that *Miss Land* had been questioned but a few minutes before. *Kline, Kent, Jones, Jennings, Hale, Gordon, Garde, Forbes*—yes, he was surely coming back up the roll. Had he “caught on” to my trick? Was he rying to “catch up” with me? Did he realize what he was doing? Oh! it couldn't be! There must be a mistake somewhere. *Doyle, Darden, Davis, Coles*—oh, how I longed to be one of the *W's* and all that goes with being one!—anything to stop the roll. I couldn't leave—I had not the slightest idea of the topic of class discussion. *Brown!* My name was next! My heart stopped for a second and, then, pounded on so fast I could not count the beats, it resounded in my ears. The hot blood surged up to my face—my hands became icy:—I who had sat only a few minutes before with such a satisfied and complacent air. Was it Fate? I had not time to ask myself all the “why's” that confronted me. Yes—he was turning over *Miss Brown's* card. My *Waterloo* was surely at hand. There was no way out of it! Yes—he was even reading, the next name. *Miss Beckham!*  
And just then—the bell rang!

E. B., '27.



Far through the twinkling distance.  
Of stars that shine so bright,  
Is one who can lend assistance  
Even in the darkest night.

A. F., '28.



# State Teachers College Magazine

---

## ROTUNDA STAFF

Editor-in-Chief.....	LUCILE WALTON, '25
Assistant Editor.....	MADELINE MCMURDO, '27

## BOARD OF EDITORS

News.....	ROSALIE WEISS, '27
Athletic.....	VIRGINIA LEWIS, '27
Literary.....	EDITH CORNWELL, '27
Jokes.....	LUCY HAILE OVERBY, '27
Exchange.....	HELLEN CRISMAN, '27
Alumna.....	MISS BROWNIE TALLIAFERRO
Assistant News.....	VIRGINIA COWHERD, '27

## BOARD OF MANAGERS

Business Manager.....	FRANCES BARKSDALE, '25
Assistant Business Manager.....	GRACE NOEL, '26
Circulation Manager.....	CORNELIA DICKINSON, '27
Assistant Circulation Manager.....	FRANCES SALE, '27
Typist.....	OLA THOMAS, '27
Typist.....	FRANCES JONES, '27
Advertising Manager.....	DAISY SHAFER, '26

---

VOL. I	MAY, 1925	No. 1
--------	-----------	-------

---

## Editorial

The constantly increasing activities of our college have created a need for a magazine in which to print literary material. The items of general news have very nearly crowded out anything of the kind in the *Rotunda*. This need has been becoming more and more apparent until at present it has become practically a necessity.

The *Rotunda* Staff has realized during this entire year how much such a magazine would mean to the school and knowing how hard it is to get a thing organized in a short time, we decided to get out one issue to show the student body what a benefit a magazine of this kind would mean if established in school and was in permanent working condition.

Along with this aim we are printing the best essays, short stories, and poems written by the students of the college, with such a vast amount of talent it seems too bad that there can not be a permanent outlet for it.

Why not have one of our publications from now on a Literary Magazine with a staff of its own, an entirely separate organization? While there is a need for a thing and the talent and material are at hand we should make use of them. Lets have another publication listed among those from State Teachers College in next year's catalogue.

---

Have you wondered what the seal on the front of the magazine stands for? If you have it shows a decided lack of information for it is no other than your own school seal.

This seems a strange fact to all of us because, perhaps, never have we seen it used. Why? Sometime ago either through ignorance or preference some one adopted the seal which has been used on our rings, pins, and stationery. This was not peculiar, however, the fact that this seal is used by two of our State Teachers Colleges makes it seem that we would want an individual one and since we have it the thing to do is to claim it by using it.

From now on when pins, rings, and stationery are being chosen make sure the seal which they bear is yours and not the one belonging to Harrisonburg or some other College.

Our seal is unusual and attractive, were it any eye-sore we could readily understand why, in the first place, another seal was used. The Farmville State Teachers College seal is on the front of our Literary Magazine, take a good look at it and never again wonder why that emblem is being used.



